

Jack's Mannequin, Bloodshot

She walks to the mailbox
Each morning at 9
Every day she begins she's always one day behind
At least when it comes to the mail
She sits on the balcony paying the bills
Her letters just ashing her cigarettes onto the sill
Every breath a little more pale
The hill still left to climb is just so

High
And I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high
And I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on

He sits in his basement
From midnight till four
Painting pictures that nobody sees
From his days in the war
Canvases bathed in bright red
He heats up the shower
He paces the hall
He'll scrub for an hour or more
But he won't get it all
Paint in his fingernail beds
The hill still left to climb is just so

High
And I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high
And I'm so tired
Come on look up at
The bloodshot sky
The clouds are all on
Fire

We wait in valleys while the clouds come in
We see no shadows
'Cuz a shadow's all there is
And we climb
And we climb
But it's just so

High
And I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high
And I'm so tired
Come on look up at
The bloodshot sky
The clouds are all on
Fire